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# Wellesley College News

XLVII 2 311 WELLESLEY, MASS., FEBRUARY 2, 1939 No. 16


# SKI THOUGHTS MUDDLE UP THE MID-YEAR MIND

## Inns to Harbor Gay New England Skiers

Somewhere up in the northlands of Vermont, New Hampshire, or Canada, there is a cozy little inn, waiting for you to "check in" and enjoy in abundance the typical days of snow sports activities. The inn itself is friendly and warm, offering good food, steam-heated rooms, snug and informal lobbies with open fire-places, lots of entertainment, and reasonable rates.

The ski runs, open slopes, and snow-bound trails provide plenty of recreation in the morning hours for both novice and expert. Those who are attempting the noble art of skiing for the first time will find that there is often a competent instructor who is willing to lend a helping hand. After an exciting morning of spills and thrills, lunch tastes better than manna, and everyone is ready for more punishment!

The ski tows become man's best friend in this country, and many resorts provide well-kept skating rinks, where enticing music and flashing blades capture the eye as well as the heart of beginner and champion. Supper followed by cozy chats around a warming fire, or an informal dance, inspire as much gaiety and entertainment in the evening as the activities have throughout the day.

Special ski trains are available every week-end, and the price of transportation is usually under ten dollars, round trip. Room and board may be obtained at almost any price, starting at about two dollars a day. If the necessary equipment for a winter sports outfit is already at hand, just grab your skiis and jump on the next "special." If not, $25 and a little shopping will secure skiis, poles, trousers, a wind-breaker, and everything that is necessary. Whether traveling with a group or alone, you will find lots of new friends waiting to be discovered in an alluring and wholesome atmosphere.

### TO SKIERS

*By Suzanne Van Dyke '41*

1. Don't leave skis outside cabin, no matter how well they're fixed. A two foot snow storm is all you need to cover them up. Unsnowing the whole side of a house is very tiresome and unnecessary. Bring your skis in at night.

2. Don't leave ski wax in your trousers, and worse yet, don't put the self same trousers on the stove.

3. Be sure you have dry wood to stoke your fire. You don't have to pace the floor all night and finally resign yourself to a sleep in 15 degree weather, indoors and out.

4. In some places in Switzerland, the top end of a ski trip will be on some mountain, where the coffee from a thermos bottle freezes 'twixt the cup and lip.

## *Skier Mentions Tyrol, Switzerland, Vermont*

*By Barbara Walling*

Suzanne Van Dyke '41 would never have admitted to an inquisitive reporter that she won the college tournament as well as the skiing events, but the friends who surrounded her in 401 Claflin insisted upon telling of her prowess. The facts that her school years were spent in Switzerland and that her home is in Forest Hills, New York may have something to do with her abilities. According to Sue, it is certainly not her heredity. "I come from a long line of land-owners in Holland, where it's so flat you'd have to use the roofs to ski!" she said.

Sue was only seven when she went to school in Switzerland. Almost every school there has its own skiing instructor. She explained also that for the people who live in hotels, for example, in-

*(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)*

## *Vacation Train Schedule*

Going:
Consult posters at Information Bureau College Post Office
Returning:
New York to Wellesley, Sunday, February 12, 1939
SPECIAL TRAIN (Grand Central Terminal)
Lv. New York .....3:55 P. M.
New Haven .....5:40 P. M.
Ar. Wellesley .....9:05 P. M.
REGULAR TRAIN NO. 58
Lv. Stamford .....4:55 P. M.
South Norwalk .....5:04 P. M.
Bridgeport .....5:24 P. M.
Meriden .....6:17 P. M.
Berlin .....6:28 P. M.
Hartford .....6:45 P. M.
Ar. Wellesley .....9:16 P. M.
SLEEPING CARS Open G. C. T. 10:00 P. M.
Lv. New York G. C. T. ....11:50 P. M.
Lv. Stamford .....12:41 P. M.
Ar. Wellesley (Mon. Feb. 13) 7:20 A. M.
REGULAR TRAIN NO. 56 FROM NEW YORK
Stops Sunday and Monday at Wellesley, February 12, 13 at 6:34 A. M.
Points West to Wellesley
Train No. 42, special stop at Wellesley Monday, Feb. 13, 6:04 A. M. Leaves Buffalo 5:00 P. M., service from Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady. Leaves Albany 1:00 A. M. Sleeping car open in Albany Station 10:00 P. M.

## The Three Bares

The cameraman was a bit puzzled as to whether his composition represented a bevy of fugitives from the ice age or a segment of the 7:40 Club indulging in the worst excesses of early morning ritual. The poverty of costume against the frozen background suggests the privation of prehistoric ages; yet the ecstacy of pain registered upon the faces of the trio directs thought to the 7:40 addicts.

A case could be made out for the theory that Wellesley's 7:40 Club is a chapter of a similar organization which existed before Neolitbic man. However, no documentary evidence to that effect has been produced, and it would be an act of extreme cruelty to shake the belief of the membership in the primacy of their organization. Should the group's experiments in pre-breakfast endurance disclose new limits to human resources, the entire body of medical knowledge on the subject will be revolutionized.

## Wellesley Wenches Set Ski Styles From Bagging Bloomers to Babushkas

She jumps out of bed in true Gelandesprung style, climbs into her long, light woolens, dons her plus fours, and whips down to breakfast by means of a schuss. After toast and coffee she piles her notebooks into a rucksaek, and is soon herringboning up the hill to the Geology lab. In the midst of long-luffing home for a smoke, before side-stepping to the library, she drops her pencil, and thus momentarily assumes a forlager while picking it up.

If those lucky enough to catch a glimpse of this fanatic in her spare time will see her standing between two chairs and raising her knees up to her chest—toes pointed; moreover, she frequently strengthens her leg muscles by lunging up stairs three and four steps at a time—and all as a preparation for future Stem Telemarks, Stem Jumps, Scissor Christianas, Jerked Christianas, and Slaloms.

Who is this creature? Need you ask? You know her; we all know her . . . she's the ardently ski-conscious female.

***Womanly Wellesley***

'Way back in 1895, in the days of leg o' mutton sleeves, tight waists, and long skirts, Wellesley was unequivocably womanly. The undergraduates of the '90's bundled up in ankle length coats and buttoned their collars tightly before trudging out to classes; never, in old *Legendas*, at least, were they caught off guard. By 1918, with women feeling a little more assertive they pitched in and had real fun, snowshoeing across country in skirts raised four inches above the ankle; skirts were the fashion for skiing too, and short fur jackets buttoned up close to the chin, plus all enveloping fur chapeaux, gave the war-time sports enthusiast a vague resemblance to the rabbit. 1920 was a rare departure, the beginning of the post-war emancipation period, with sledding in cap, thick sweater, and knee-length bloomers to allow for more freedom and fun in sports.

The popularity of skiing as a sport led 1924 Wellesleyites to dress for comfort; they presented a dashing picture in knickers, long wasted sweaters, and flowing scarfs which floated in the breeze. The palmy days of 1929 saw the Wellesley girl blossoming forth in heather coats, corduroy ski

*(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)*

## Outing Club Offers Lessons in Skating

### Instructor at Bouve School Will Give Lessons; Club Plans Skiing Trips

For those who are seeking an opportunity to relax from the strain of examinations, and who would like to become versed in the art of fancy skating, Fiora Mariotti, Head of Winter Sports for the Outing Club, announces a series of skating lessons to be given late Monday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons during the examination period. Miss Dorothy Glidden of the Bouve School of Physical Education will be the instructress. If thirty-five girls express an interest in this activity and sign the Outing Club bulletin board this week, the fee for the lessons will be fifty cents.

The Outing Club is hoping to organize a series of skiing trips to various New England Youth Hostels during the month of February. Also of interest to ski enthusiasts is the news that the ski carnival will take place as soon as weather conditions make skiing possible. Watch the Outing Club board for the date of this exciting event!

## *Faculty Look Ahead To Mid-Winter Sports*

*By Susan Swartz*

"I learned to ski in the Swiss army back in 1915," remarked Dr. Theodore Steiger, answering questions put by your reporter to several sports-minded members of our faculty. Those were the days before skiing became popularized, and the large hotels at St. Moritz were filled with the soldiers whose duty was to guard the passes of the Alps. As a sergeant in the medical corps, Dr. Steiger was pretty free to do as he liked, and was sometimes on skis for two days at a time—"out looking for fellows with broken arms or legs."

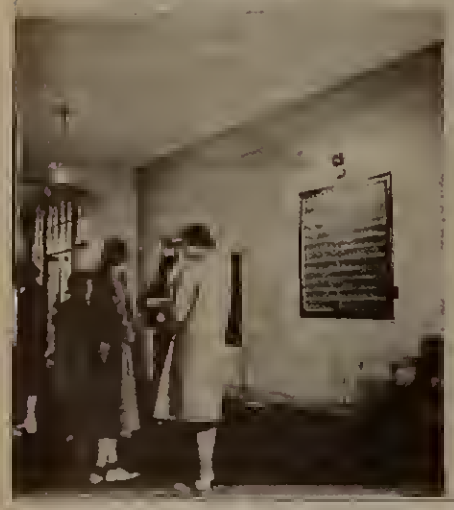
***Skates Replace Skis***

"I suppose I've never skied in this country because it's never seemed quite so attractive," he continued. "You see, the greatest part of skiing for me isn't just the thrill that comes with going down a hill. That's merely a part of the whole pleasure, the pleasure of skiing through the woods, enjoying the mountain scenery, and the companionship of those who are with me." After hesitating a moment, he concluded, "Skating is the thing that interests me now. We have a good opportunity here at Wellesley, and I'm anxious to learn before my bones begin to creak."

"It is almost depressing!" sighed Miss Lilli Burger. "I have not been able to ski or skate here." Last spring Miss Burger sprained her ankle while playing tennis, but she hopes soon to be able to participate in the sports she has always enjoyed at her family's country house in the Bavarian Alps. "My favorite sport is sleighing," she said, "because our whole family can coast down the winding trails on

*(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)*

## THE WINNERS!



TOP: "Wellesley Off Guard." Left, first prize, Helen Tams '39. Right, honorable mention, Bernice Brand '42.

BOTTOM: "Inside Story." Left, first prize, Helen Tams '39. Right, second prize, Eleanor Webster '42.

## PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

To determine the winners in the NEWS photography contest, the two judges, Elise Strahl '39 and Alice Jantzen '39, carefully considered each picture submitted and chose those which they believed best combined the qualities described below. First of all, each one was judged from the standpoint of interest of the subject matter, and the originality shown in executing the idea. They examined them from a purely technical point of view. In doing this they observed the composition, the handling of light, the selection of details which added and the elimination of those which did not, the clearness of the picture, etc. Having gone over each picture carefully, they decided on those which you will find printed in this issue.

NEWS extends many thanks to those who entered, and hopes that this contest may have inspired more to take advantage of the innumerable good shots to be found on our campus.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Steel Poles - Chromium $7.75 pr.
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There are special Snow Train rates at the inn or lodge where you choose to spend the night.

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Travel by BOSTON and MAINE

Filene's
This Year IN WELLESLEY
SNOW NEWS is good news!

Because we've had so little snow, we find ourselves well stocked in this year's new skiing and skating fashions. Our season is almost over . . . hence these markdowns. But YOUR season is just beginning for February is usually THE snow month! So a word to the wise . . . STOCK UP NOW FOR SNOW FUN AHEAD!

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FILENE'S enlarged Wellesley Shop

# Wellesley College Ooze

THE TIDES OF MARCH, 1939


## Board Hires Talent Scout To Hunt Dean

### Trustees Hire Professional To Track Down Candidate For Vacant Deanship

WELLESLEY, Mass., March 18—At the regular March meeting of the Wellesley College Board of Trustees, held this morning in the solarium of the Large Lowe Davenport Swimming Pool, it was announced that the country's fifth greatest industry has been called upon to rescue the college from an impending academic crisis. Ever since the motion picture industry discovered an undisputable "Scarlett O'Hara," Hollywood talent scouts have received nationwide acclaim. Recognizing the potentialities of this unique group, the trustees have placed under contract a Grade-A talent scout to aid them in terminating a fifteen-month's search for a suitable tenant for Oakwoods. The scout, Mr. Peter Prymore of Beverly Hills, California, was employed only after it was ascertained that by hiring talent scout Jimmy Roosevelt the Board might precipitate a rift in the Academic Council.

Deanna for Dean?

Arriving in Wellesley early this morning, Mr. Prymore appeared before the Board with a preliminary report. A brief survey of academic qualifications narrowed his immediate field to three possible candidates: Tyrone Power, Deanna Durbin, and an assistant professor from Saskatchewan Military Institute. Scout Prymore pointed out that the latter was particularly suited to the deanship because of his equestrian prowess.

As was to be expected, none of the candidates could qualify. Mr. Power and the Saskatchewan pedagogue were automatically eliminated since the prospect of Oakwoods as bachelor's quarters would place an unfortunate premium on rooms in Davis Hall. Although Miss Durbin would photograph exceptionally well for *Legenda* purposes Acting Dean Wiltsoon refuses to keep on "Acting" until Deanna grows up.

*(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)*

LOCAL EDITORS IN EXECUTIVE SESSION

Editors of a well-known college weekly as they appeared at the informal dedication at the Large Lowe Davenport Swimming Pool. Their private swimming meet, held several days before the pool was filled, attests to the wide range of recreational facilities the pool affords.

## *Gitchygoonian Unearths Oozy Phantoms of Faculty Sunk in Waban's Puddle of Tradition*

The large mud puddle behind the library, so long the private mud bath of Mildewed Melon Snackatsea and morning race track of the 11:40 club, has at last revealed its long and slimy past! Following up the questionable rumor started by several gossip mongers among the faculty that Wellesley once bent her soaring towers over the waters of a lake named Waban (after the ancient laundry nearby), the OOZE (Adv't) sent out its Official Sloop, Joseph Gee Gitchygoomian, to investigate the situation.

*The Standglaring Flora*

Armed with the staff footographer, Flora Goomis, and accompanied by two flashlights and Miss Loosy Wiltsoon's ferocious bloodhound, Gitchygoomian stole into the mathematical gardens and perched himself in the branches of a recently erected tree statue of Miss E. W. Standglaring. As they sniffed the sterilized night air in great gulps, a large spray of ivy rose from the depths of the sediment, wailed the *Alma Mater* twice, and, with a slow shiver, began to poison the air witb tradition. Suddenly there came the whir of a motor boat, and an eerie shriek that can only be translated for human ears as "Catch, two-three" split the eardrums of the Oozers. "Zounds," cried Flora Goomis, "'tis the ghost of Hicky Shark," as she collapsed into the open pages of *King Arthur*.

Binding on his gas mask and the shield of the Large Lowe Davenport Pool to protect himself from the perils of womanly Wellesley, Gitchygoomian began to dig frantically through three or four stratas of geologic sediment. On the layer marked 1938 sat two lovers, shaded by a battered sign reading "Soupelo Point—do not feed the swains!" Gitchygoomian immediately recognized them as Edith Listerina Swanson and Lamb Always Eelier in a purple mooed, and, with efficient editorial style, translated them into ten or twelve pages of snappy shorthand.

*Wordsworth a la Byzantine*

Nearby sat old Father Waban, enthroned in a graceful shell with eight antennae, (or oars) swearing quietly to himself. Exclusive to the OOZE (Adv't) he moaned, "Gol dang it, I Jess cain't keep up with that new swimming hole!" On his way again, Gitchygoomian stumbled over a pond lily on which were seated W. Salamander Scrampbell and Martha Whale Snackford devouring leaves of Wordsworth with a garnish of Byzantine mosaic.

Rounding the corners of a shipwrecked ice skate, the Oozers fell upon the Waban Wombats, led by Mr. Tabum S. Foams, warming up for a big league game with the

*(Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)*

### ENTRANCE FEET

1. Enter by one of three doors, or all three if you can't.
2. Check card of admission to classes, Art notes, and chewing gum with Matron.
3. Return to Matron with card of approval which specifies immunity from lordosis, scoliosis, and fallen arches.
4. Reveal approximate size and receive sterilized suit of Wellesley Blue of approximate size.
5. Find undressing room for ladies if you are a lady and vice versa if not.
6. Choose favorite cubby hole and shriek, "I was here first!" to no matter who is there.
7. Undress and put on white cap and Wright and Ditson sandals.
8. Take lukewarm shower.
9. Take cold shower.
10. Take bath. (Optional)
11. Take three Giant Steps.
12. May I?
13. Leap into clean sterilized suit. Don't forget to button the wrists.
14. Walk down corridor keeping carefully to right.
15. Leave sandals in corridor, toes to wall, straps placed diagonally across soles.
16. Attach water wings carefully.
17. Walk through foot bath if feet are athletic, or if you are athletic leap it.
18. And there you are.
19. Return to dressing room to remove wrist watch.

## Lady Opens College Pool At Long Last

### W. C. T. U. Leader Reveals Her Addiction To Water By Christening New Pool

*Special Dissociated Press Dispatch*

WELLESLEY, Mass., March 17—The breaking of a bottle of tinted Lake Waban water over the edge of a blue tile pool marked the formal dedication here, tonigbt, of the Large Lowe Davenport Swimming Pool, latest addition to the Wellesley College Campus. Tonight's program, which climaxed seventeen days of unabated ceremonials, attracted an audience of thousands: students, alumna, faculty, potential Freshmen, and a reporter from the *Wellesley Ledger*.

Several weeks ago, the original plan for a three-day dedication bout was abandoned when members of the Peace Council and the College Government sub-committee on Social Schedule decided that the unparalleled importance of the event warranted a prolonged celebration. Preliminary activities, that commenced March first, have included classes in swimming, diving, and hair-setting, and an open forum on "The Non-academic Values of Sunbathing."

Ah, College Hall

Tonight's ceremonies, doubly commemorative since today marks the twenty-fifth birthday of the first College Hall Fire anecdote, began with an academic procession that skied down Norumbega Hill to the site of the new building. A Salvation Army band accompanied the skiers, whose American-made Japanese lanterns made a colorful trail across the Alumnae Hall parking space.

The feature of the evening was the long-anticipated dedication address by Mrs. J. Volstead Dryer (Tessie Waterhury '17), Wellesley-educated President of the Women's Christian Temperance Uaion. Attracted by her *alma mater's* current addiction to water, Mrs. Dryer volunteered her services for the evening and was heartily acclaimed by a cheering throng, led

*(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)*

## Jetspray Gurgles Gleefully Over Family Tree of Wellesley Buildings

Being right in the swim of things, your very own reporter thought it would prove of current interest to Wellesley students to receive first hand information as to the architecture of the new Recreation Building. With this idea, she mounted the steps of the Farnsworth Art Museum and soon found herself closeted with Mr. T. Buckwater Jetspray, who began in his usual liquid tone:

"The flowing harmony of the campus architecture into which the Recreation Building blends, can best be appreciated by seeing the building as a member of the Wellesley architectural *family*. Hypothetically," Jetspray continued, "we may call Green Hall the father, Farnsworth the mother, and the Tower Court group their offspring. Pendleton Hall is Tower's first cousin, Stone-Davis its cousin twice removed. As for Norumbega and Maison Crawford," at this point the speaker showed some slight embarrassment," we just don't talk about that." The Quadrangle he roughly designated as the great uncle, Billings as ancestor, and Sage the family infant.

Your reporter was by this time a bit puzzled as to the place of the Recreation Building in the family tree. This, however, did not ruffle Jetspray's smooth surface. "The long-awaited addition to the family, he continued, his face now flooded with pleasure, "represents a mixture of all the family strains into one harmonious whole."

The main body, to his own joy, Jetspray confided, is vaguely modern. As a concession to Shampoo Der Nersessian, twin projections, recalling minarets, jut out of the ends of the squash court roof. A. Delaware Robinson rejoices in the openable roof or atrium effect in the classic style, while a few gargoyles plastered on the walls seem to have been destined as a sop to Arnold Icecooler.

"In short," the professor concluded, gurgling with glee," the new Recreation Building, architecturally speaking, has poured oil on troubled waters."

## Puzzling Heavings of Pool Cause Investigation of Tides of March

In an official blue-slip communique, issued early this morning, Sooth Telliot warned members of the OOZE Board to "Beware the Tides of March." "Skinny students of Sea-grade posture are urged," she said, "to put on their blubber for protection against the slithery sleet and rising tides."

*Sooth Telliot Warns*

Sooth Teliot's admonition was occasioned by bathospheric reactions in the swimming pool which have caused alarm throughout the entire campus. Miss Squizzle Flowell, Custodian of the Blue (matching if-wet) Tiles, reported that following the exodus of alumnae from the Dedication ceremonies, the pool writhed itself into a vortex of current.

Later analysis of the spray particles by Microscope Kaan revealed that salt particles had somehow entered the pool, and reacting with the super-sensitive eye lotion in the water, was throwing off great clouds of spray. Squizzie Flowell got out her Hygiene Red Book, edited by Meredith & Co. and decided that the brine in the pool had been caused by the tears of the Alumnae, gathered at the pool's edge for the dedication. With soft and saline reverence for this culmination of their hopes and dreams, they had wept.

*Dipper Duncan Stars*

It was Big Dipper Duncan, however, who became the Star of the morning.

"Things have come to a scorching past," he said. "The hour of the swimming pool dedication coincides precisely with the time of College Hall fire. The beat waves which emanated from the hotsy-totsies of 1914 are still undulating in the ether."

When Hosea Hy-Hat, standing near Dipper Duncan, heard the heat wave theory, he broke his Golden Silence to shed new light on the annual appearance of Heat Waves about March 17. "Ever since the memorable igniting of the buildings in 1914, Wellesley has never been allowed to forget the burning issue. In fact, rumor

*(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)*

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## *Novel Course Promotes Daring Diamond Derby*

We always knew the belles had a "ring" to them, and the score of four to two in the Diamond Derby now taking place in the Endless Proposition 304 classes proves this as a fact. Miss Q. Pid Peekins' class of finger flashing females has a double lead over Miss V. Nus Standglaring's bevy of frenzied fiancées. There is a movement on feet to change the course to the Marriage Course, and to limit its subject matter to the budget rather than Universals.

When questioned, Miss Q. Pid Peekins modestly deprecated her part in the derby, stating, "I supply only the method. The students continue according to their own ways of research and initiative." Miss V. Nus Standglaring declared hopefully, "Yes, we are losing, but we have *prospects*."

"Why did I accept John?" repeated a star (sapphire) member of Q. Pid's class, "Oh, because he made such an appeal to my stream of consciousness."

The ring-leader in V. Nus Standglaring's class declared it was all for the sake of experience with her. She is putting HIM in her Novel, of which the first chapter, entitled *Slip To The Young*, is being published by Press Board.

"So sorry—I can't talk to you now," airily announced another fiancée, waving a stony hand at the reported. "You see — I have an engagement!"

## *Trustees Hire Scout to Hunt for New Dean*

*(Continued from Page 3, Col. 1)*

Mr. Prymore's further suggestion that the Board kill two birds with one appointment by electing a member of the Senior class and thereby throwing a boon to the Personnel Bureau, was immediately rejected. The Board considers it an unnecessary risk to install in a responsible position any recent victim of the General Examination.

**Nationwide Questionnaire**

It was then voted that Mr. Prymore be granted a moderate sum to conduct a nationwide deanhunt, of which the first step will be a questionaire circulated to 30,000 Ph. D's. The proposed questionnaire, entitled "What kind of an education will you give Wellesley?" promises edifying results. Commencing Monday, March 20, Scout Prymore, disguised as a staff writer for *The American Scholar*, will frequent the haunts of potential deans. After three months of conferences, convocations, adult institutes, academic conventions, and Wellesley Club meetings Mr. Prymore promises to produce *the* ideal candidate or a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof.

When questioned as to the prospect of a man in the deanship, members of the Board of Trustees twiddled their watch chains and whispered "Maybe, perhaps!" The step would be a revolutionary one, but even the Oakwoods difficulty could be surmounted should Mr. Prymore unearth a candidate with outstanding possibilities. In addition to the minimum requirement of three academic degrees and five years' experience in the receiving line, all applicants must demonstrate a reading knowledge of morning chapel selections.

## *Apple-Sellers Veer From A. A. To Relief*

The Sooth Telliot campaign of last November, in which members of the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education were aided in their house-to-house canvass by Harvard faculty, brought to a close A. A.'s historic apple-selling activities for the benefit of the swimming pool. It is, of course, a well-known fact that this famous series of campaigns was begun long ago by the first A. A. representative, one Eve, living in the Fresbman house, Eden.

In later years, A. A. representatives, now organized and carrying tbeir wares in bags, played vital roles in civilization while raising funds for the pool. History to the contrary, your reporter cites the race of Atalanta, in whicb the golden apples were not thrown in her path by her rival, but had fallen from tbe bag of a spectator, an A. A. apple saleswoman.

Although William Schroeder Tell, famous marksman and ancestor of Wellesley's noted archery instructor, shot the apple from his son's head, it must be confessed by posterity that this was merely a publicity stunt to attract consumer interest to the apple market. In one dark spot of history, however, apple-selling underwent a decline due to the insiduous propaganda of the sellers of milk and ice cream, who rumored (falsely, of course) that Snow White had been poisoned by a swimming pool apple. Counter-propaganda by Dr. de Life as to the health-giving attributes of apples soon remedied the situation, and apple-selling continued as Wellesley's biggest industry until the pool was built. Now will Wellesley face an unemployment problem?

## *Seething Pool Sets College In Turmoil*

*(Continued from Page 3, Col. 5)*

bad it that tbe Freshman class, always Red in their tendencies, was planning a conflagration to end all conflagrations. Tbey would not let another college generation pass without a new hotspot. Something had to be done," he paused dramatically, "so the Alumnae contributed the money for the Swimming Pool to serve as a Reservoir against possible destruction by uncontrollable fires. Nothing must impair the prestige of the College Hall Fire."

***T Blaze Rocketer Thinks***

Mr. Thomas Blaze Rocketer came dashing from the cloud of thought on which he was standing nearby, "And as for the heavings, in the pool — those were mere manifestations of the ultimate truths — there are, I have discovered, small tubular pipes running in an underground system from the swimming pool to outlets at every house. The pool, trained to know the danger spot of March 17, was heaving preparatory to sending out little jets of water. Should the atmosphere be illumined by incendiary tactics — the pool will be ready to aet."

## Ode to an Epidemic

(Or How to Answer a Questionnaire)

We're tired of filling out questionnaires.
"Why is a teacher?" and "What is a bug?"
Please send all inquisitors back to their lairs
We make all our travels on the living room rug.

As students of serious, noble intentions
We're flatly refusing to learn how to dance.
The commonest subject that anyone mentions
Is the function and method of public finance.

To Washington politics we devote each vacation.
With illegal gains Senate pockets we line
In fond hopes of obtaining relief legislation
Forbidding exams under penalty fine.

We'd end the suppression of freedom of action
By probibiting all forms of late registration,
Cutting papers and quizzes to only a fraction
For the good of us all and the sake of the Nation.

Our answers are palpably set forth hercin:
We don't like cold creams nor elegant hashes;
We're not wearing stockings or getting too thin;
Midyears will put us in sack cloth and ashes.

We never read newspapers or style magazines;
We cannot distinguish a goon from a drip.
As to recreation—we don't know what it means.
Our chief aim in life is a pink or blue slip.

If more information is wbat you desire
From Wellesley on private and personal affairs,
The first thing to do is to go and inquire
For a chance to distribute a few questionnaires.

## TEMPERANCE LEADER CHRISTENS NEW POOL

*(Continued from Page 3, Col. 5)*

by the College Lecture Committee. "This should be the biggest break in Wellesley history!" tittered Mrs. Dryer as President Mildewed Melon Snackatsea presented her with a beribboned flask of $H_2O$. After she had smashed the gilt-covered flask of *aqua pura* over the edge of the pool, and the plaudits of the crowd faded to a hoarse roar, the distinguished alumna took her place on the extreme end of the high diving board and delivered an eighty-minute address on "The Place of Swimming in the Liberal Arts College." (The complete text of Mrs. Dryer's address will be found on page 11, col. 3)

***China Sends Waterwings***

As tbe applause subsided, a sudden gasp rippled over the crowd. So intent had they been on Mrs. Dryer's timely admonitions that not one spectator realized that the China Clipper was rocking lightly on the surface of the pool. Skimming in through an air-conditioning vent, the Clipper had nosed silently down to the water, thanks to the completely sound-proof ceiling construction. Stepping out on a pontoon, the pilot tossed a huge package in the general direction of President Snackatsea. Four representatives of Press Board fell on it so quickly that it was several minutes before the audience realized that there was Mme. Hang by-Heck's long-awaited gift.

Some months previous, Mme. Hang (class of 1917), Wellesley-educated writer, soldier, honorary class-member and stateswoman extraordinary, had sent a special swimming pool gift to the college. But complications with the State Department, the War Department, the C. I. O., and the Committee on the Language Reading Requirement delayed its arrival until tonight. Tbe gift, 2000 pairs of Chinese silk waterwings, is Mme. Hang by-Heck's personal present to her Wellesley friends. Made up in all the various shades commonly designated as "Wellesley blue", the wings are tastefully monogrammed in brilliant gold characters. Translated, the figures read "Not to be ministers, but to be minister's wives," the Chinese equivalent of the college motto. President Snackatsea presented the first pair of wings to Miss Virginia Tide Eddy, directing her to deposit them in the college archives along with the fragments of the now-historic water-bottle.

The ceremonies over, the audience rose for the singing of *Alma Mater*, and *Thirty Years is a Mighty Long Time, John*, a special request of the Swimming Pool Fund Committee.

## *2939's Glimpse of Us*

A non-statistical cross-section of Wellesley life is being preserved for posterity in the cornerstone of tbe Large Lowe Davenport Swimming Pool. Scientifically protected by a series of elaborate burglar alarms, the historic receptacle will rest untouched during a thousand years of Wellesley history. At the end of that time, according to the statement made by a higb authority in swimming pool circles, the hermetically-sealed storage box will be disinterred for the formal ceremonies of March 17, 2939. On that date at twelve o'clock noon, the official red tape with which the box is sealed will break automatically, and the contents of the box be revealed.

As a courtesy to those readers unable to attend the 2939 ceremonies, OOZE (Adv't) is releasing a confidential inventory of the historical data enclosed in the stone. In addition to pictures of President Snackatsea, President Roosevelt, ex-Captain Law Rents Smith of the Faculty Baseball Team, and an unidentified photograph from the 1911 Portrait Directory, the box contains:

1. Two pages from the Bible found in the cornerstone of College Hall.
2. A carbon-tetrachloride fire extinguisher used in the College Hall fire March 17, 1914.
3. Two copies of the July Fourtb edition of the *Wellesley College Ooze*. (Adv't)
4. An unidentified snapshot bearing the notation "Joe and Ted."
5. President Snackatsea's 1938 license plates. (Now yon know!)
6. A tail-feather, formerly the property of Dean Wiltsoon'e parrot.
7. Another picture of President Snackatsea.
8. A coke bottle.

## Professors Plant Lilies to Hide Shyest Swimmers in Blue-tiled Pool

"All play and no work makes us a bright group!" chanted the Committee for the Further Furtherance of Faculty Fun to a goggle-eyes OOZE (Adv't) reporter. The motto sounded reasonable, so off she hied, logically, to that monstrous magnet of magnificent merriment, the Large Lowe Davenport Swimming Pool.

***Reporter Says "Boo"***

Downstairs in the squash courts all was dark and quiet. The reporter recognized a member of the Geology Department and reflected fleetingly tbat he should be made to take English Composition 102 to learn how to express himself more colorfully. When she recalled ber tboughts, he was ranting more successfully, "Just bow do you suppose any advance in geological scholarship can be made with such interruption? Young woman, I was about to re-check a revolutionary discovery, to divulge a scientific milestone, the wonder of the century! This rock, rigbt here on Wellesley's campus contains at least four grains of museovite! Now, my girl get out—go do something—anytbing but soil this remarkable stone. Why don't you go—go—go fry an egg?

***M'amselle Beats Eggs***

The reporter decided this eloquence was better—maybe there'd be an egg in that nice model kitchenette up by the main card-room. *And* she could be alone for a minute. This time she looked before entering and was glad she did. Through the crack she could see Ma'mselle He-Doth-Melt-Her flourishing an egg-beater in one band and a rolling pin in the other. She wore a big white apron and was saying something while she waved her arms. "Aha, he *weel* say zat hees mawther, she cook zee best pies, eh? Eh bien, I weel sbow heem, I weel. Now ware ees eet zat zee eggs go—zee eggs, zee eggs?" She started running in circles around the room, so tbe reporter quickly closed the door and ran breathlessly to the pool. Perhaps there'd be some normal recreation there.

That's funny—no one in swimming. Only a group of fully clotbed people standing at the far end, tbrowing little green bulbs with funny stem-like things into the pool. Vandalism, pure vandalism, she thought. As she approaebed the group haughtily, one pointed at her and cried, "Oh, goodie, here's one now." Immediately the reporter was surrounded by a swarm of enthusiastic talkers, all exclaiming at once

***Pond Lilies Camouflage***

"Pond lilies, my dear, that once you've jumped in, all yonr maidenly shyness may be hidden by our lovely flowers!"

"Those wicked sleeveless tank suits of yours, positively revealing!"

"Beautiful, large, concealing plants!"

The reporter tumbled into the pool, notebook and all. It was nice and lonesome!

## *Gitchygoomian Pools At Wailing Tradition*

*(Continued from Page 3, Col. 4)*

Newtonville Newts. Gitchygoomian ran quickly into the backfield, returning stray balls and symphonies to Wayward Pea Greene who whipped down the home stretch to tie the score at 206. When Miss Wiltsoon's bloodhound began to unravel the Turkish afghan on which Miss Hornett Spiller lay crooning dates to herself, Gitchygoomian thought it was a good time to get out. Heaving a loud pooh at tradition, he extricated himself from the historic puddle, waved at the stepswingers, and sprinted up to the pool for a quick one before supper!

## *Wellesley Sets Styles For Early Sportswear*

*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)*

breeches, angora turbans, and wool and tinsel sweaters.

Miss Wellesley 1939 wears a ski suit as a matter of course; it's the universal winter costume. Angora mittens fuzz in the wintry air, or gayly embroidered imported gloves keep her hands warm as she makes a snowman. An infinitesimal babuska keeps her unruly curls in place—or else she braves the open bareheaded, save for the comfort of furry earmuffs.

### The President On Skis

"It must have been about twenty years ago that I last fell on skiis," said President McAfee, mustering her thoughts on the subject for the benefit of the Wellesley NEWS. But skiing in those days was not the front page story that it is now.

Like other Vassar students, Mildred McAfee confined her skiing to the back hills of the campus. It wasn't that they preferred the privacy of the campus hills to the open publicity of popular mountain trails and crowded resorts; mountain trails and ski trains just didn't exist.

Since her undergraduate days President McAfee has watched the growth of the sport with interest, although confessing that she still doesn't understand quite how it's done. One thing she agreed hasn't changed—it's still just as hard to keep standing up!

### BIBLIOFILE

#### Schneider Ski Technique

*The Hannes Schneider Ski Technique* by Benno Rybizka, Harcourt, Brace and Company, $2.50.

Novices and experts alike will be fascinated by this new book, written by a man who was for seven years an instructor in the famed Hannes Schneider Ski School at St. Anton. Benna Rybizka, who now teaches the Schneider technique at North Conway and Jackson, N. H., has the gift of simple and clear exposition. His advice and directions are logical and understandable.

The book has a thoroughness which gives it authority. Mr. Rybizka devotes equal attention to the inexperienced manoeuvers of the beginner and the Arlberg crouch of the champion. Starting with a description of the necessary equipment, he discusses walking and climbing, downhill running, and several fundamental exercises. He winds up with two chapters on speed turns, jump turns, and terrain jumps — for the advanced among his readers.

Reading the book, one feels that here is really practical instruction. Mr. Rybizka has no scornful superiority about the unexciting — but still baffling — details of ski wax and harnesses. He has, instead, a friendly sympathy for the beginner, as well as the expert's zeal for perfection, and reverence for a correct mastery of the fundamentals — a point which he emphasizes frequently.

Increasing the book's practicality are the many photographic illustrations, often of the movie "still" type showing exercises in various stages. Also included are several really excellent shots of snow, mountains, and sky in nice arrangement, intended, no doubt, to spur on the discouraged amateur.

Everyone who owns, or has ever wanted to own, a pair of skis should read this book. Whether or not he feels with Mr. Rybizka that "skiing is the best sport I have ever known", he will at least get the thrill of reading something by a man who knows perfectly, and loves, his subject.

*E. G. '40*

### *Sausage for Skiers*

Suzanne Van Dyke '41, student skiing instructor, has revealed at last the secret of the Swiss skiers over the Americans. It lies, she says, in the quantities of strong red sausage upon which they are brought up, from infancy upwards.


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Serkin, Russian pianist. Feb. 5, 3:30.....SYMPHONY HALL

IN PROSPECT
*"Susan and God"* with Gertrude Lawrence, opening Feb. 13 for three weeks.
*"Five Kings"*, opening Feb. 20 for two weeks. The fifth Theatre Guild play. An Orson Welles' condensation of Shakespeare's historical dramas, the two parts of *"King Henry IV"* and *"King Henry V."* Cast, Orson Welles, Burgess Meredith, John Emery, Robert Speaight.
Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman and dance group. Feb. 10.
Metropolitan Opera, March 16-March 25.
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## *Skier Mentions Tyrol, Switzerland, Vermont*

*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)*

stead of at the school, the payment of the *kurtaxe* often gives ski school privileges and the use of public skating rinks.

A year at the University in Switzerland followed Sue's preparatory school work, and she continued to ski there although she did branch out and try the Austrian Tyrol. Reluctantly she admitted that the skiing itself was superior in Austria, but all the while she maintained her loyalty to Switzerland. "In Austria you don't get the life you get there. You *must* go to Switzerland!"

*All-day ski-run*

The reporter thought it an excellent idea. She had visions of Sue spending days on end flying down steep mountainsides; but she was to be disillusioned. The procedure, it seems, involves a twenty minute train ride, a couple of hours' walk—which Sue confessed she *pretended* she liked—and then, when one has reached a height of about 6,000 feet, skiing down all day, not "straight" but "slalom", that is, in a zigzag course marked by flags.

"And how do you get back up the hills?" inquired the green reporter. "Do you herringbone?" She admitted that that was her usual method — except when she was alone. At such times she picks her skis up and carries them.

Here at college Sue finds that her skiing keeps her too busy to permit her going out for other activities; it is she who gives instruction here, and last winter she also made eight week-end trips to Mount Mansfield in Vermont, which boasts "the best skiing in the East." She does manage, however, to go to Chapel every day.

One of her friends, who apparently took the combination of her chapel-going and her desire to ski to mean that she prayed for snow, met Sue after chapel the other day. "Can't *you* do any better than this?" she moaned, pointing dramatically to the half-inch of snow on the ground. "They blame me for everything," Sue laughed as the reporter took her leave, wishing devoutly that she could gather together enough courage to brave the terrors of Observatory Hill, which must look pretty flat to Sue Van Dyke.

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## *Faculty Look Forward To Midwinter Sports*

*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)*

one big sled." Half laughing, Miss Burger described her first experience on skis. "I used my brother's skis, which were too long for me. Extremely proud of my first success, I tried again. But this time I landed in a brook, and did not know how to get out. After that, I used my own skis."

*Mr. Pilley Skates*

Mr. John G. Pilley has skated a great deal on Lake Waban this winter. "Skating isn't especially good in England," he remarked. "I learned to skate by falling down while at school in Germany." Mr. Pilley finds it an interesting feature of Lake Waban skating to note the difference between boys and girls in their attitude toward the sport. The chief interest of the boys, it seems to him, is acquiring speed for hockey, whereas the girls, in practicing various and sundry figures, treat the sport as an art.

"I am not expert enough to be an unusually enthusiastic skier," said Miss Harriet L. Clarke. "And I suppose that explains my having skied only once this winter. But I do like the sport." Miss Clarke has accompained the Outing Club on some of its past trips to New Hampshire and hopes to ski somewhere during the mid-semester vacation. She is an enthusiastic rider, and makes frequent use of the indoor ring when the weather prohibits outdoor riding.

"All I try to do is keep on my feet," exclaimed Miss Helen W. Kaan, when questioned about her skiing adventures this winter. "I've skied several times, and have also skated, though I do nothing fancy, — just forward and backwards and around corners!" According to Miss Kaan, her biggest sports winter was one several years ago when she had to snowshoe to class in her ski-pants, skirt in hand.


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